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READY FOR DUTY.

PUCK. — I'll be with you, Mr. President, whether its war or peace!



AMATEUR FRUITERS.

MRS. CITYFLAT.—Well, I declare! If you are n't regular farmers already. What have you got planted in those lovely beds?

MRS. NEWSUR.—Oh! a little of everything!—apples in that bed—cherries in the second—pears and grapes in the last two;—John expects the fruit will be a little late this year, though, because he did n't break ground till quite late.

A FINANCIER.

IHAVE a scheme!" said the thoughtful-looking man, "by which the Government could raise the money needed for war preparations without its costing the people a cent."

"Indeed?" observed the other man, with languid interest.

"Yes. Suppose it is determined to appropriate fifty millions. Everybody knows that such an appropriation for war purposes will send Wall Street prices down. Now, before the news of the intended appropriation reaches the brokers, let the Government sell stocks short. Then, the appropriation is made, the Government covers its contracts on the slump, and makes money enough to balance the proposed expenditure."

"Great scheme!" said the other man. "By the way, have you half a dollar you don't want?"

Whereupon it appeared that the financier had only thirty-five cents, all of which he needed himself.

BETTER THAN NOTHING.

A proposal to pay the Spanish bonds in fifty-cent dollars would probably be received by the bondholders with intense enthusiasm.

NOT SO SURPRISING.

"I was surprised to see that Zola's conviction was reversed."

"That was not so strange. In nearly all French farces matters are straightened out in the last act."

A SUGGESTION.

"I see that the Government has bought a number of fast yachts."

"Yes; if we should n't have war, we could have a first-class yacht race."

APPARENTLY.

"Congress is n't afraid of Spain."

"Oh, no! Congress is n't afraid of anybody except Speaker Reed."

THE DOGS OF WAR.

Once upon a time some boys found a savage dog tied to the corner of a barn.

"Ah!" they exclaimed; "he is securely fastened! Let us have fun with him!"

Accordingly, they yelled, "sic 'em!" and deemed it rare sport when the beast leaped to the end of his chain, growling and barking; until, suddenly, the chain broke, when the boys took to the woods.

Thereupon the farmer had to leave his work and come and tie the dog up again.

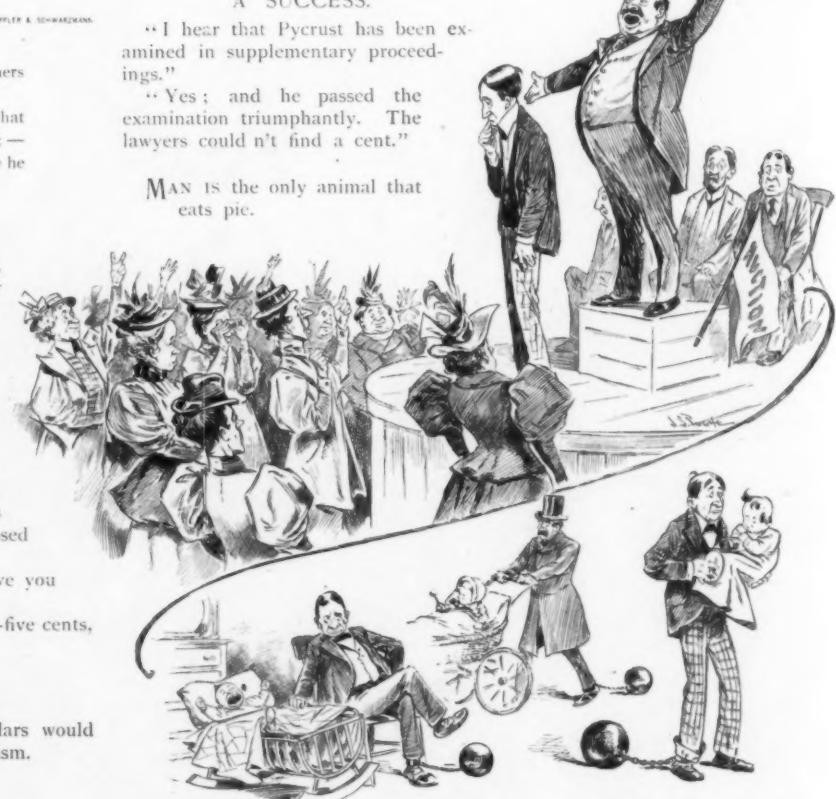
Some boys never get over it, even when they grow up and go to Congress.

A SUCCESS.

"I hear that Pycrust has been examined in supplementary proceedings."

"Yes; and he passed the examination triumphantly. The lawyers could n't find a cent."

MAN is the only animal that eats pie.



THE PROPOSED TAX ON BACHELORS.

They might be sold for their taxes and made to work them out in this manner.



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OF SOME BENEFIT.

NAN.—I was just thinking what a queer thing Nature is. Now, of what use is that tail to the cow in Winter time when there are no flies?

FAN.—It may be of no use to the cow, but what would we do for ox-tail soup?

A MIRTHLESS WOMAN.

"Aw! I'll tell yo' how it happened," reluctantly vouchsafed Mr. Tick Peavy, a prominent citizen of Polkville, Arkansaw, addressing a group of his fellow townsmen, also prominent, who were lounging in the grocery store, and had been rallying him about his misbehavior at the town hall upon the previous night. "It all came about b'cuz I like to laugh and my wife don't. She's a first-rate woman—I hain't got no fault to find with her otherways—but she hain't got no mo' sense of youmor than a frog; women is mostly that-a-way, I've noticed.

"Wal, befo' the show she cautioned me, 'Now, Tick, try to behave yoreself at the opery house, and don't git everybody to lookin' at yo'!' Wife was pretty well satisfied with me durin' the first act, for she did n't have to do mo' than pick at me occasionally. But when the funny-man of the show came out to git off his specialties, the trouble began. He was the most comic-lookin' cuss yo' ever seen, with his red hair about fo' inches long, and stickin' up like the bristles on a frightened broom. The first pun he got off was to pull a handful of paper scraps out of his pocket and fling 'em up in the air, and say: 'I see by the papers it's snowing.'

"I laughed some them, and wife told me to 'Tick, behave yoreself!' And I kinder did, for a few minutes. But I was obliged to laugh some more, when he told about his girl, who was so cross-eyed that when she cried the tears ran right down the back of her—haw! haw!—neck, and ag'in my wife pulled at me and told me to behave myself. I believe I saw her whooped when he asked the audience if they had ever noticed that even the ice makes funny cracks; tennyrate, wife pecked at me and wanted me to behave myself. I kept kinder moderate till the comic-man told a funny story about a lady who married a feller by the name of John Coon, and when he died she married his brother, William Coon, and after he was split up in a sawmill she wedded his other brother, Henry Coon, and soon

after his funeral married the last of the brothers, Isaac Coon; when asked why she had kept marryin' into the Coon family, she replied that all Coons looked alike to her;—and then I laughed good and loud, and reached over to pound another feller on the back, and wife grabbed me and made me 'Tick, behave yoreself!' in great shape.

"But that came a time when that was no sech thing as behavin' myself; that was when the funny-man whirled in to dancin'. When them legs of his'n began to fly around, I jest cut loose from this world of care and let out a good old-fashioned yell, and riz right up so's I could see his feet. Wife pulled at me—but, pshaw! I never sawter commenced to notice it. She pulled considerably, she told me afterwards; but I was, so to say, dead to everything but that thar funny-man's dancin'. I jest laughed and laughed till the tears blinded me, and I could only guggle like a person chokin' to death under the bedclothes, and did n't know no mo' about her pullin' at me than if I had n't been that. Finally, in desperation, wife grabbed the tails of my coat with both hands, and pulled with all her might and tore the whole blamed back of my coat plumb out, clear up to my shoulder-blades. The dancin' stopped jest then, and I sank down exhausted, and found myself covered with perspiration, my wife's reproaches, and the everlastin' ruin of my best coat.

"'Thar!' says wife. 'Look at yo', now! I hope, after this, yo' ll behave yoreself!'

"I reckon I'll have to—for I can't affo'd to sackerize the price of a good coat every time I go to a show. But I do wish that my wife—while she's the finest woman in the land—had a little mo' appreciation of youmor and a little less determination to make me behave myself!"

Tom P. Morgan.



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SONG OF THE COTTON-PICKERS.

SUN-UP in de cotton-fiel's,
Darkies pickin', pickin',
Big ox-cart wif de rattlin' wheels
Down in de mud-hole stickin';
"Hi dere, niggahs!" do ol' boss shout,
Stuck in de crick, an' he can't git out;
"Low we know what de fussin' 's about,
But jes all keep on a-pickin'.

Noon-day in de cotton-fiel's,
Darkies pickin', pickin',
Lazy dreams o'er the white man steals,
Locus' tickin', tickin';
Down in de shade whar de ol' mule 's tied
Boss he dream ob his nex'-year bride—
Big ol' demijohn sittin' by his side—
Darkies keep on a-pickin'.

Sun-down in de cotton-fiel's,
Darkies singin', singin',
Hoe-cake longin' ober you steals,
Supper bells ringin', ringin';
White man lay in de shade all day,
Black man wuk ha'd — two bits pay —
Hain't got a cent lef', — dat 's de way,
Hush! deh 's a whippo' will wingin'.

Roy Farrell Greene.

BEFORE THE ATTACK.

FIRST HEN.—I believe this is called an egg plant.

SECOND HEN.—Indeed? That suggests dangerous competition. Let us nip it in the bud.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

"Tommy, what 's an encore?" asked Benny Bloobumper of Tommy Taddells.

"It 's a piece a great singer sings after the audience calls him back to see whether he knows anything worth listening to," replied Tommy.

BREAKING EVEN.

SALLY GAY.—Did Jack Huggins steal a kiss from you in the conservatory to-night?

DOLLY SWIFT.—Yes; but I immediately replevined it.

A REMEDY.

ASSISTANT.—This play does n't seem to take.

MANAGER.—Make "tremendous success" in the advertisement twice as large as it is now.

SOME HOPE.

NELLY.—I hope she won't say anything about that.

ROSE.—Perhaps she won't. I did n't ask her to keep it quiet.

APPROPRIATE.

"What do you call the cat?"

"Boomerang. We 've fired her a dozen times, but she always comes back."

THE FEMININE WAY.

LITTLE CLARENCE (*a youthful Solomon*).—Pa, nobody can ever tell what a woman will do next, can they?

MR. CALLIPERS.—No, my son; and if you could tell it would not be advisable for you to do so, for if you did she would be sure to do something else.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

FRIEND.—De advertisement says de dog answers to de name of "Growler."

THE FINDER.—Dat 's good. I like de pup an' I 'm goin' ter keep him; so it 's convenient dat dey told us jest what his name is.



A LONG-HEADED SWAIN.

SILAS (*who has just proposed*).—Ye think, then, that ye don't want ter marry me?

SARAH.—Well, Silas, I don't like to hurt your feelings, but—

SILAS.—Say! ye need n't answer me to-day. Just wait till I get my new suit of clothes. I want ye to see me in them!

THE FOILED BURGLARS.



I.
FIRST BURGLAR.—Say, dis is goin' to be a dead-easy crib to crack. Only an old gardener lives here all alone. We can soon settle him. Let's go around to de gate; it's on de odder sid o' de wall.

GLOOMY.

"How is everything?"
"All's well!" answered the doctor, sadly.

THE WOMAN OF IT.

CORA.—This is a lovely pen to write letters with.
MERRITT.—In what way?
CORA.—It underscores just beautifully!



A SUBURBAN DELUSION.

MR. CITILY (visiting the ISOLATES, of *Lonelyville*, mildly).—I should think it would be frightfully unhealthy here, having your cottage face long stretches of stagnant swamp!

MR. ISOLATE (indignantly).—My dear sir! Those are not stretches of stagnant swamp! Those are lovely, romantic, waving salt meadows!

TWO VICTIMS.

FLAGHERTY.—Faith, man, ut's a foine woman ye have for a woife. Shure, she's the gir-rl that's hard to bate!

CASSIDY (clasping the other's hand sympathetically).—Me poor old friend! an' whin did ye thy ut?

HIS VISIONS.

"That long-haired, absent-minded looking fellow over there," said the Pettyville citizen, who was showing his city relative around the hamlet, "is our village inventor."

"Ah!" returned the visitor; "I presume he is a dreamer, like most inventors?"

"I should say so! Some time ago, he dreamed that he had invented an aerial torpedo-boat, capable of sailing long distances and dropping enough explosives to demolish a whole city or an entire fleet of hostile warships. And, lately, he has dreamed that the Government has offered to purchase his previous vision for about all the money he can conceive of in his wildest dreams of avarice."



HER STATUS.

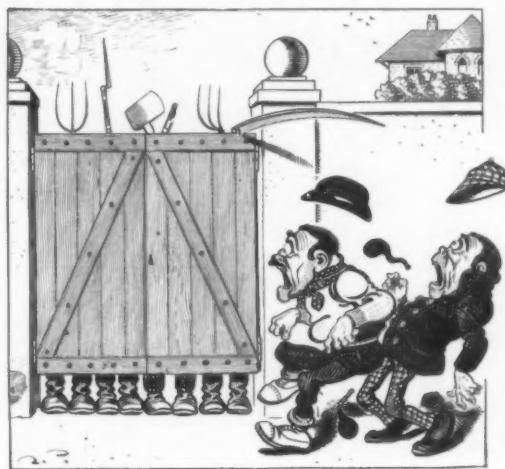
SALLY GAY.—What do you think of Miss Brainley?

DOLLY SWIFT.—I like her quite well; for, while she is so exasperatingly clever, she is also consolingly ugly.

A LONG TIME.

"When did the Reverend Mr. Hennypeck take orders?"

"Let me see. He was married in '79, and he's been taking them ever since."



II.
SECOND BURGLAR (as they reach the gate).—For heaven's sake, Bill, dat feller must 'r expected a invasion by de Spanish Army!

HIS DISCOVERY.

"A man who has lived as long as I have," remarked the Kohack Philosopher, apropos of nothing in particular, "is bound to observe a good many peculiar things in the course of his existence, if he makes a practice of settin' up an' takin' notice of the happenstances surroundin' him, as I have usually done. I have noted a great many queer traits in the human nature which has passed, as you may say, in review before me, an' have learned some great truths; but I don't know as I have ever had anything more forcibly impressed upon me than the fact that there seems to be only one end to some women's talk, an' that is the beginnin'."



III.
THE OLD GARDENER (as he hears the retreating footsteps of the burglars).—It's a mighty good thing I did n't throw them old boots away, ain't it?

PROOF OF IT.

"I never saw such a stupid mass of wishy-washy amiability as that man!" declared the pursy little man with the fierce glare.

"Why, I—"

"Rubbish! He does n't belong to a single society for the prevention of anything."

AGE COMES APACE.

If a woman is just as old as she looks
And a man just as old as he feels,
Both reach a hundred in years, as well as miles,
By a century run on their wheels.

IT MAY yet develop that Cain killed Abel because the latter asked, "What's trumps?"



NOT ALWAYS.

THE NURSE.—Oh! talk is cheap.

THE POLICEMAN.—Oh! I don't know. I know a cop who was fined three days' pay for spending ten minutes talking to a girl here.



AT THE FORKS OF THE ROAD.

It is hard to know what to do in the world, and how to act. If at a dinner, for instance, you are pleasant and merry and light and cheerful, people will think that there is nothing solid in you.

If, on the other hand, you adopt the manner of great men whose biographies you have read, and are "silent in company," "take little part in the conversation" and "often appear oblivious of the light prattle" about you, so that people may see that your mind is engaged upon vast affairs, people will not see anything of the kind, but will regard you as a lunkhead.

Life is always putting you at the forks of the road in this way, where you have to choose, and choose wrong.

If at this dinner you seek to "delight all with the consummate charm of your conversation," all will think you are a consummate nuisance; and afterward they will say you are a conceited fool, and work themselves into a passion, and, maybe, do you an injustice.

But if you try to win admiration, or even love, by listening to others, you will fail. You may listen with keen appreciation to things you despise, and with conviction to things you don't believe, and with rare intelligence to things you know nothing about; you may let a course go untasted and allow your wine to evaporate while you continue to listen, but your efforts will not avail. Rich people will think you must be poor to be so polite, and poor people will think that you don't know them.

It is hard to know what to do in the world, and how to act.

I do not wish to blame society, but with people as capricious as they are now, and as contrary in

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their judgments, it is certainly very difficult for an ordinary person to pass for a man of special importance.

Williston Fish.

THE IMPORTANT POINTS.

PATENT MEDICINE MAN.—This new cough syrup of Doctor Bolus is an infringement on our patent. The ingredients are exactly the same.

HIS PARTNER.—I would n't mind about the ingredients, but he has imitated our label and the shape of the bottle.

IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Is Jones much of a lawyer? SECOND CITIZEN.—Much of a lawyer? He does n't know enough law to get a man a divorce.

A DEFENCE.

FIRST CRITIC.—There 's no excuse for that man trying to play *Hamlet*.

SECOND CRITIC.—Yes, there is! He 's getting paid for it.

ON PRINCIPLE.

SALESMAN.—Here is something in tobacco-brown.

MISS STRAITLACE (*sharply*).—To-bacco-brown? Show me something else, young man!

A COMMON CASE.

TIM.—Garry lost his job in the Coostum House for not at-tindin' to his juty.

DENNIS.—An' phwat had he to do?

TIM.—He had nothin' to do, an' he wud n't aivin do that.



STRATEGY REQUIRED.

SHE.—I told the cook you preferred soft-boiled eggs.

HE.—I thought you did. These are like rocks.

A LONG ACT.

SHE (*examining programme*).—The second act is quite long.

HE (*absent-mindedly*).—Yes; a long time between drinks.



THAT MAKES THE DAYS LONG.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Johnny, what does it mean where it tells us to "honor our father and mother that our days may be long," etc.?

JOHNNY.—It means we must get up when they call us in the morning.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE AVERSION
TO THINKING.

THE COMMON or garden citizen betrays in large matters a curious reluctance to come up above the mental level of a yellow dog when he has any reasoning to do. Induction and deduction are to him processes employed only by the evil-minded. Emotions alone are entitled to respect, and those are not entirely free from suspicion save when they oppose the convention that two and two make four. His attitude in the discussion of the pension scandal nicely illustrates this; likewise his attitude on the issue of peace or war with Spain. If you parade a column of cold, veracious figures before him, proving that the pension rolls must contain the names of thousands of fraudulent pensioners, he is up in arms at once to defend the sacred rights of the old soldier who fought and died for his country. We never heard these rights questioned. We have never heard, in all the criticisms of our pension system, one which did not exempt the honest pensioner, and which was not plainly and specifically directed against the scoundrels that draw pensions dishonestly. Yet it is actually possible for grown men to reply to such criticisms that the critic is a traitor who is insulting every honest veteran of the civil war. The same citizen is equally obtuse on the subject of war. Any intimation that we should not rush into war hastily, that our right to make war in any given instance is susceptible of calm discussion, is taken as the vaporizing of a traitorous craven. The clearest assertion that we ought to fight, and fight with all our hearts when war is justified, but not until then, is cause for the maker of it to be branded as an ignoble "peace-at-any-price" man. We would like to assure this kind of thinker that he is rasping his nerves needlessly. The cautious and conscientious are not, necessarily, cowards. They will insist that no

decision be made without due thought and the widest scope of argument; and they will abide most staunchly by that decision when it is made, whether it accords with their own personal views or not.

A BETTER
TEST THAN
WAR.

ACTUAL WAR is commonly held to be the supreme test of a nation's stamina, even by those who have grown far enough out of animalism to know its folly and wickedness. Perhaps it was, once upon a time, when two nations would fight as informally as might a couple of beer-laden longshoremen of a Saturday night. But evolution keeps doggedly at its work, and one bit of the data it has gathered in the last century shows that the war-scare now outranks actual war as a test of a nation's greatness. It takes a great nation to endure a war-scare week after week and still keep its head. Our own war fever has now run ten weeks, with a constantly increasing temperature. The turning-point seems close at hand when this is written. We have carried the fever well. We have borne a suspense more trying than one battle a day would have been, and borne it admirably, with a clean determination to know the right before doing something that might prove to be not right; to bear any strain of suspense rather than take a step we might bitterly regret. Any nation can fight, can submit to a test of its physical endurance; but only a great nation can forbear, to make sure it is right before fighting. Whether war comes or peace, we have measured our greatness in our restraint, quite as effectually as ever we could in war. Whatever genius for warfare we may show on land or sea, we have successfully coped with a most appalling war-scare; and that success may be confidently accepted as the measure of our success in any war that follows.

A QUESTION
OF FACT.

ALTHOUGH the final action of Congress as to recognizing the Cuban Republic is uncertain at this writing, it seems probable that the House and the President will prevail against the Senate and that intervention without recognition will be the order. This would be common sense of the sanest sort. Our first desire is for peace in Cuba. We cannot honorably claim the right to impose any particular government upon its people. We cannot honorably do more than help them to the kind of government a majority of them want. Peace under the government they may choose for themselves is all we have a right to demand. We hope, naturally, for the continuance of the professed Republic which has shown such wonderful vitality in the field; but we cannot do more than wait for it to show its power to govern as well as its power to fight. It must, by itself, demonstrate its acceptability to the people of Cuba before we can logically or safely recognize it as Cuba's government. It is a question of fact, not of theory or belief. We can not create something by "recognizing" it. To recognize something which has not to the satisfaction of our highest officials already proved its existence would be to take the burden of proof upon ourselves; and we are not here for any such purpose.

HE COULD N'T DO IT.

SLOW," queried Uncle Silas Knowsome, the leading politician and chief expounder of political and every other kind of economy of the village of Bungtown, "why can't you fellers that sell for them there wholesales haouses in th' city, sell d'rect to th' consumer, an' save th' middleman's profut to th' poor, hard-workin' agreecultooralist?"

"Well," modestly answered the drummer, as he felt of his chin to see if the shave was smooth, "in my business, I can't sell to the consumer!"

"Don't tell me that!" replied Uncle Silas, as he glanced triumphantly about the barber-shop; "I see you've never stedded p'liticle 'conomy. Why can't you sell to th' consumer?"

"Because I sell coffins," was the answer, as the commercial gent floated out of the door.

ONE DUTY OVERLOOKED.

"Jane, what makes you look so miserable this morning?"

"Why, I laid awake all night, worrying about war—and floods—and the small-pox—but—"

"But what?"

"I forgot to worry about Uncle John up in the Klondike."

HIS FINAL CARD.

MILLIGAN.—Great Britain is going out of her way to show her regard for the United States.

STANDISH.—Yes; before long, Salisbury will be asking permission to countersign the Declaration of Independence.

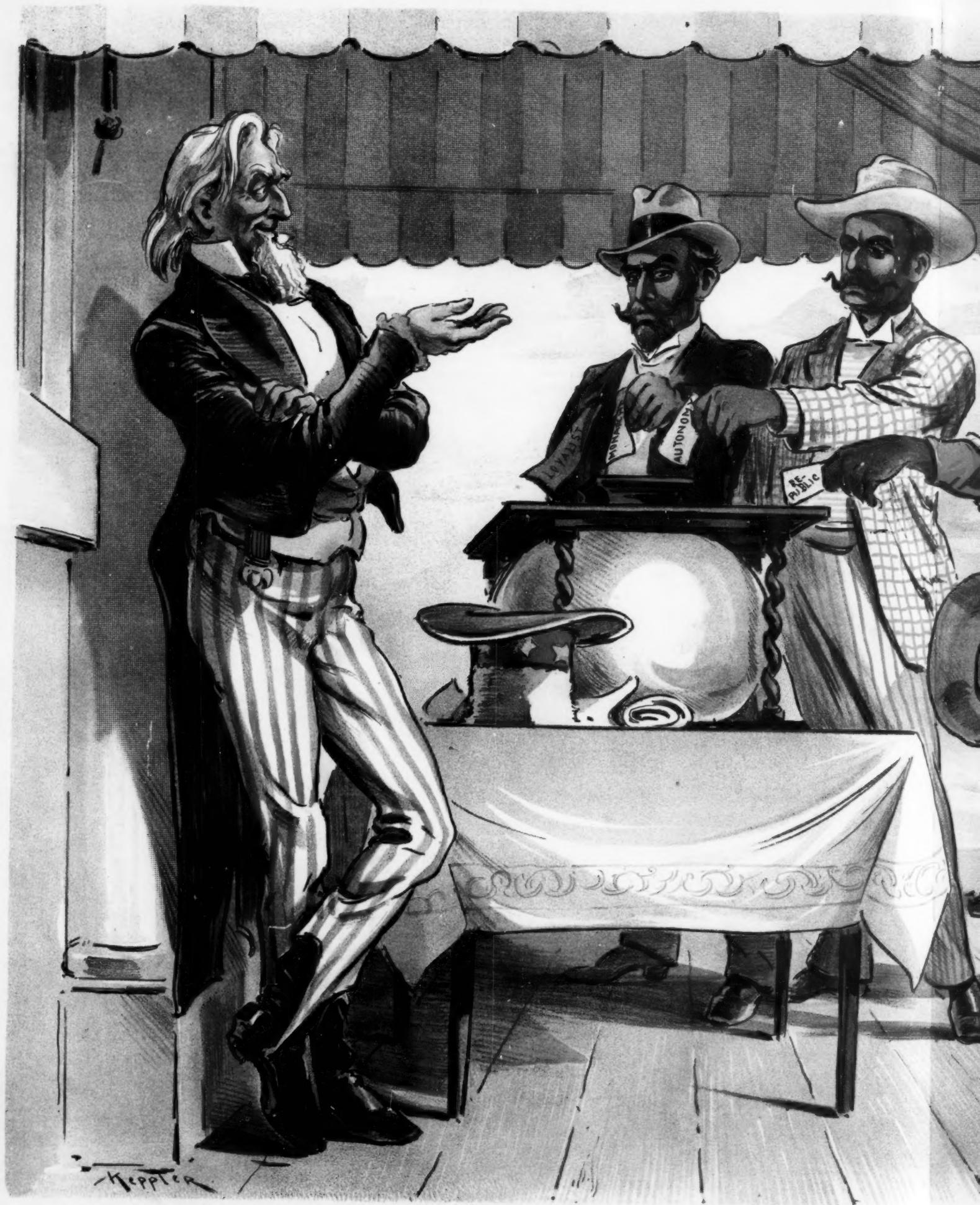
EITHER TIME or money, it seems, will make a newspaper yellow.



THE FASTIDIOUS PUBLIC.

SHE (scornfully).—Twenty-five cents for that hat!

HE.—Dot's der best I can do, Lady. Dose second-hand hats vos hard to sell. You haf no idea how many granks dere are vot von't buy nodings but new hats!

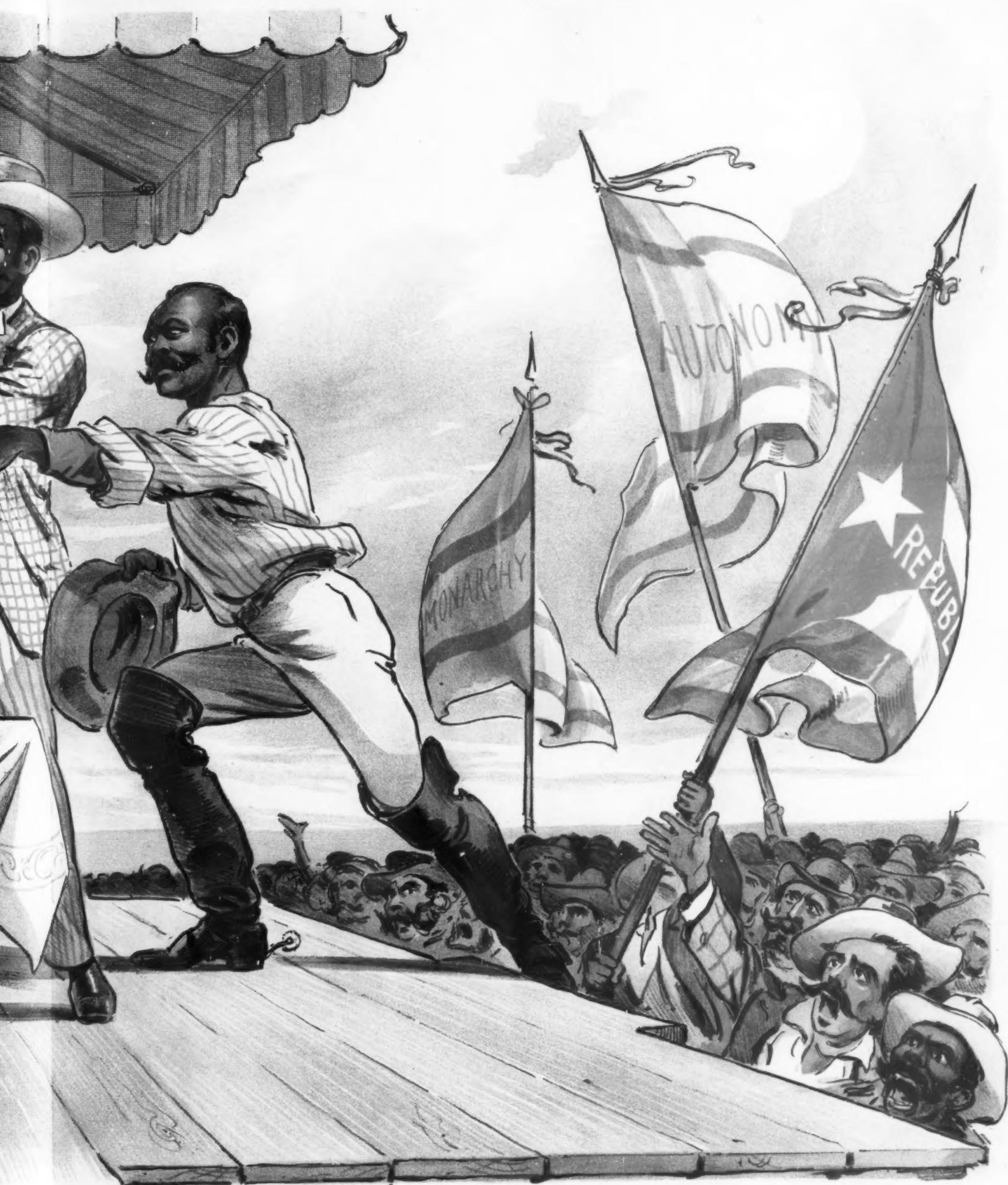


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THE NEXT STEP, AS I

UNCLE SAM. — Gentlemen, when you find out what a majority

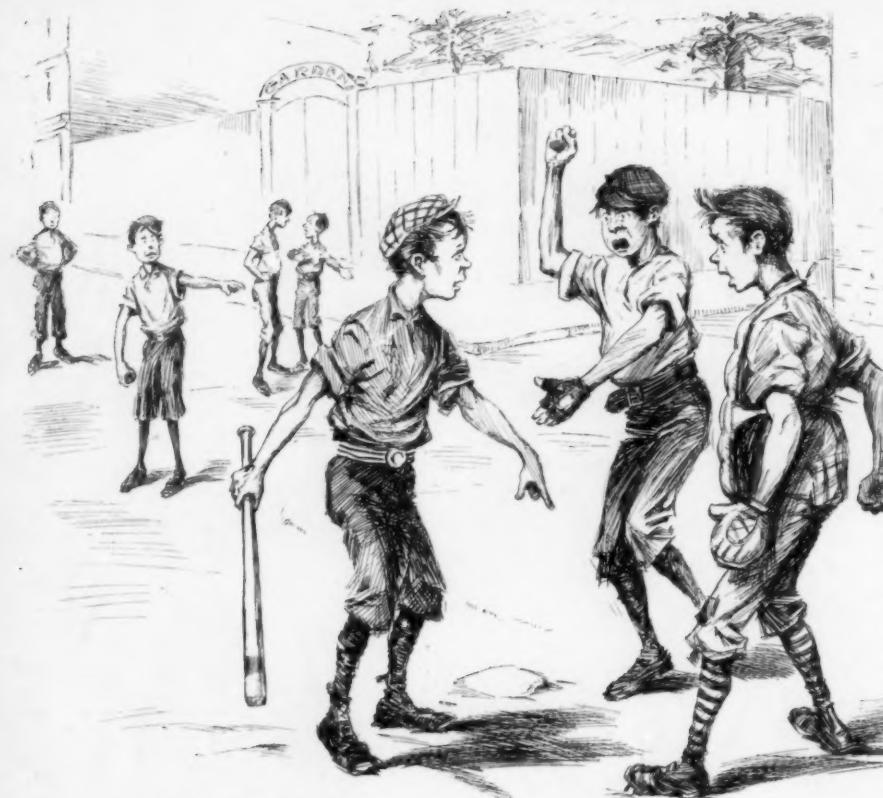
PUCK.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

STEP, AS IT LOOKS NOW.

out what a majority of you want, I'll help you to get it and keep it.



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THE BATTLE OF THE EXPERTS.

THE BATSMAN.—Are we playin' accordin' to League rules or ain't we?

THE CATCHER.—Aw! Don't gimme any guff about League rules! I been on de bleachers twice' as often as you!

METHUSELAH WAS DISGUSTED.

“What made Methuselah turn up his nose, and go away with such an air of disdain?” asked Moses of Aaron, as they leaned against the battlements of Paradise.

“That chap who just arrived said he was known on earth as the oldest inhabitant, and yet he had n’t rounded out his first century when he died.”

A THEORY.

“Who said it was never too late to mend?”

“Perhaps it was somebody who was in no hurry to begin.”

HER THOUGHT.

“You do not know me well enough

To love me, dear!” Her eyelids fell;

Her thought was made of different stuff—

She felt she knew him far too well!

A PITIABLE CASE.

PROMINENT KANSAN.—

Doctor, what is the matter with the man who was found wandering about the streets last night in a dazed condition?

VILLAGE PHYSICIAN.—The fellow’s mind is a complete blank. He can not even remember whether he ever ran for office.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

HATTERSON.—What are you going to give your wife for an anniversary present, old man?

TATTERSON.—She has n’t decided yet.

IN SIGNIFICANT.

NOEL LITTLE.—Smallman does n’t seem to amount to much, does he?

BRYTON EARLY.—No; he’s of no more consequence than a thermometer on a pleasant day.

THE GREAT USE FOR CENTS.

CAWKER.—My wife always buys two stamps at a time, so that she can get a cent change out of the nickel.

CUMSO.—What does she want with the cent?

CAWKER.—She saves them until she has five and then pays her street-car fare with them.

HIS STATUS.

MRS. HOON.—What an imposing appearance your friend Puffington has, to be sure!

OLD HOON.—Oh, yes! he’s a born colonel, if ever a man was!

HIS CRUELTY.

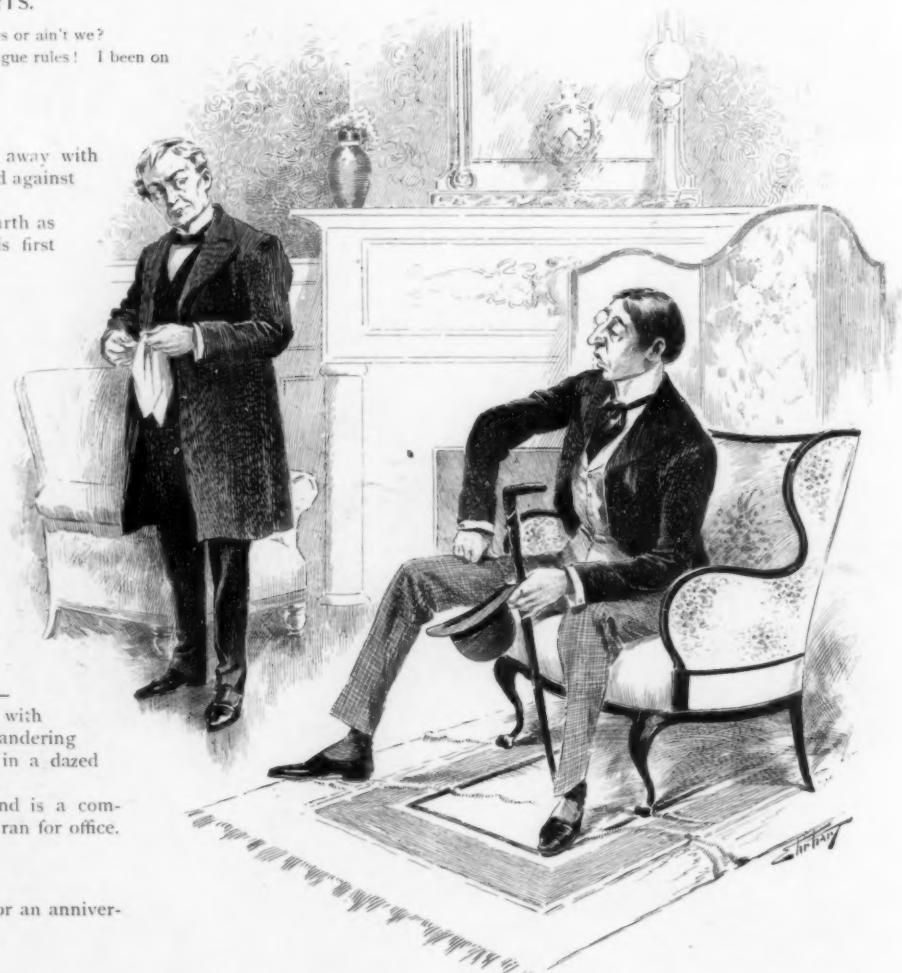
“What retaliatory action did Grimmer take toward the man who ran away with his wife?”

“Sent him flowers as soon as he learned his whereabouts.”

SHE NEVER EXISTED.

LITTLE ELMER.—Pa, the adage says that “a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still.” Is a woman convinced against her will?

MR. HENNYPECK (*hastily*).—There never was one!



AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

PATERFAMILIAS.—But have you any idea of the expenses of married life? Have you made any provision for the future?

DAUGHTER’S LOVER.—Y-Yes, sir. I—aw—voted for dollar gas, you know.

THE BLAST.



I.
HE DITCH had struck the rock,
Whereat the boss had stood and cursed;
And then, at last,
Said, "Dom' ut! We must blast."
And blast we did.

II.
Far up and down the road we stretched,
A line of slowly-moving arms and heads,
And backs that bent,
And bright, up-flashing shovels that to us
The company had lent.

III.
And, as we toiled,
There rose from out the ditch
A man with legs that bowed
And mouth cavernous,
And bellowed, "Fire!" in tones
That shook the hills, until from them
There rattled down loose stones.

V.
And, then!
A thunderous sound arose, and we,
With gaping mouths and staring eyes,
Dodged villainous débris
That fell upon us from the skies.

VII.
And claimed that we
Had ruined all the landscape round
And "broke six windy panes and killed a pig,"
And damages they'd have for the whole rig,
Full fifty dollars.

O. M. Lance, Jr.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

LECTURER.—When will this slaughter of innocent song-birds for the adornment of women's bonnets come to an end?

VOICE.—When the women find something else that costs more.

SOME MEN can take a drink and leave it alone; but most of them want another one or more to keep it company.



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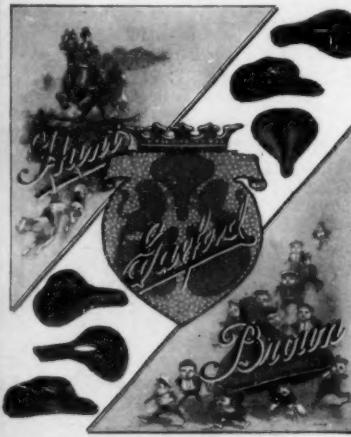
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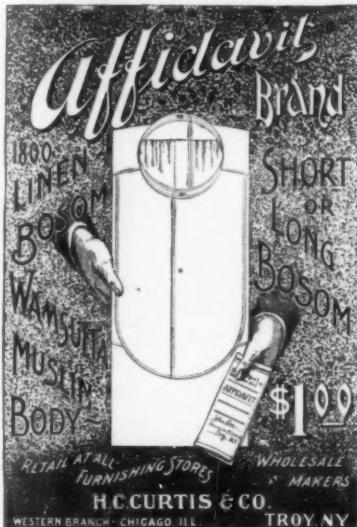


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CLEVERLY handled, a bluff is a great thing; but there are so many bunglers.—*Atchison Globe.*

SOCIETY is a Punch and Judy show with money and pride working the figures.—*Adams Freeman.*



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The man's smoke that women like, for it smells good.



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SALESMAN.—You might try a size smaller—

MAMA.—I'd rather have it a little large. It may shrink a little and the boy is growing.

SALESMAN.—Quite so, Madam. They may meet half way.



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MRS. KO-WANG-BO. — Here comes dat low-down, neglectful husband ob mine home from de club again. Well, he get anudder hair-pullin', dat 's all!



"I'se 'll teach yo' to neglect yo' wife an' poo' little chulluns fo' dat club! How do yo' like dat, eh, niggah?"



MR. KO-WANG-BO (*returning from his club the next night*).—
Lors! I'se 'll git it to-night! Dat woman 'll pull ebery hair outen
mah head. Dis niggah 'll hab to devise some plan t' stop der hair-
pullin' exercises.



"Say! it's mighty queer I'se nebber noticed dat bush wid dem sticky burrs on, else I might hab had an idea befo'.



"I'se 'll just put mah head in dat bush an' git mah hair full ob dem stickers.



"Now, old woman, I'se ready fo' dat hair-pullin' contest fo' de last time."



MRS. KO-WANG-BO. — I'se 'll not leab a hair in yo' miserbul
head dis night, yo' black wagrant!



MRS. KO-WANG-BO (*frantically, as she strikes the burrs*). —